The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Little Things.

THE little things, that day by day
Press closely to our weary feet,
So common seem, that oft we think
They scarce are worth our strength, to meet,

The little cares that weigh us down
And fill with weariness the soul,
May lighter be, if cheerfully
We bear them when we can't control.

The chance for doing kindly deeds
That every day does to us give;
Is counted small, not worth, we think,
Yet 'tis in little things we live.

The many griefs, that we, so weak,
Can neither put away nor heal;
If meekly borne, make soft our hearts
Most tenderly for all to feel.

The little sins, that leave a stain
Upon the soul we wish so white,
If conquered, may give faith and strength
The greater ones to meet and fight.

And if our hearts with love we fill,
And with the spirit of the Lord,
And in the least as in the great,
We strive to do His holy word,

When we shall end this earthly life
With all its ill and all its good;
The Lord will smiling bless, and say
"She hath done well, what e'er she could."

Clare Putnam Eames.

Love and Kindness.

Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
If spoken but in kindness,

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood muttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

For the Myrtle.

The Little Guests.

ONCE upon a time, as the old story books say, I was living in a country house overlooking an area of the sea. In front of the house were several large trees, and in these trees the birds loved to build their nests. I dare say you have all observed that birds are fond of the society of human beings, and of making their homes near houses. In great forests there are very few birds, perhaps because they find less food to eat than near dwellings. At any rate the birds used to come every year to build near me, and by help of daily feeding and such conversation as birds understand we generally grew to be good friends, not at all afraid of, one another. They would sit on their nests almost within reach of my hand, and look up into my face as confidentially as possible, saying as plainly as they knew how,

"We know what's going on here, don't we? We'll have some little birds by and by!" and then they would settle down again to their work of hatching, in a most industrious way. And, wonderful to relate! they never made any mistakes, the little birds always made their appearance in due season, the homeliest little things you ever saw, before they got their feathers. But I was too tender hearted to make this disparaging remark to the father and mother, who used to stand on the rim of the nest watching their little ones, proud of their beauty as you can imagine.

But when they grew older and were full-fledged, I always quite agreed with the doting parents as to their good looks.

Well, one summer evening, after the birds had all had their supper and gone to bed, and, having done crowding one another in their nests, had gone to sleep like good birds, there came up a tremendous shower. The wind rocked the trees as if they had been bean-poles; the rain poured down in torrents, rattling upon the roof and tearing the leaves before the windows like so much wet paper.

The thunder rolled and crackled through the heavens and the lightning blinded us with its piercing sharpness. How the house shook, and how dark it was! Several times I went to the window to see by the flashes whether my birds were safe. There they were snug in their nest, but pretty thoroughly drenched. They held on in spite of the rocking of the trees, and I took leave of them for the night, going the rounds of the house to see if everything indoors was safe before going to bed.

I had taken the bright light to my chamber, and was just beginning to undress, when such a thunder clap burst over our heads, and the next instant I heard a great cracking before the house. It was one of the old trees struck by the lightning, and down it had crashed full length upon the lawn, and my nest full of birds! Were they all killed? We couldn't see nor know, but feared it.

I was feeling very sad, when the noise of something coming violently against the window, beating its wings and going from top to bottom of the casement, made me turn my head. Perched upon one of the sashes I saw a delicate bird, with elegant body, slender beak, and long fine tail. It was trying to get through the pane; stretching its neck to look about the room as if seeking some hospitable cover. I opened the window and the little creature precipitated itself into the room half frightened to death. It flew up to the ceiling, beating itself cruelly, then fell to the carpet almost stunned. Before I could go to the rescue another applicant for admission was at the window; the companion I saw at once of the first little refugee. I hastened to admit it, when it went through the same performance as the first beating itself against the ceiling, and then falling to the floor. I knew the poor little birds, but I was uncertain whether they knew me. I had taken them up and was holding them in my warm hands, but they were exhausted with terror and their wrestling with the storm, and their little hearts fluttered dreadfully. I sat down and watched them, giving them time to recover. After a while perceiving that they had grown quiet I examined them. They did not seem hurt and turned up their bright eyes with a most intelligent expression—as if they wanted to say,

"Well! this is a storm to be sure! But it is comfortable in here. I wonder where my father and mother are!"

I wondered too, but could not answer, so I did not try. On the whole I thought the best thing to do was to prepare a little nest where the two that were saved from death could spend the night comfortably. This was soon done. Taking a carved work-basket I emptied it of its contents, and putting a soft carpet of cotton bats on the bottom, laid the birds in. They seemed to understand the matter at once, cuddled down, and with a little soft murmuring noise soon went to sleep.

'O,' thought I! if only they who are dear to me could always find so safe a refuge from the storms of life! If only some kind hand could always be stretched out to save them from threatened danger. But will not their heavenly Father be their protection in time of need?"

With this comforting thought I fell asleep.

The next morning—what a heavenly morning it was! I ran to the window and opened it wide and looked out. Everything was calm and beautiful, and fresh as if just created. The great tree lay there never to rise again. I was feeling a little sad over it when I heard the call of birds, and there quite near the window were the father and mother of my little captives, making an ado, calling, but not in distress. Did they know that their little ones were safe in my charge. They seemed to. They called again, and then I heard a scratching of little feet in the work-basket and the flutter of impatient little wings. I knew what it was all about, and carrying the basket to the window, placed it on the sill, and opened the lid. The little refugees hopped up on the rim, turned their pretty eyes on me for a moment as if to say,

"Thank you for all you have done for us! But I see father and mother, so good bye!" And away they flew. Then such a jubilee as there was! Father mother and children, went darting round and round a few times, uttering cries of joy, then up they soared.—up—up into

the sky, as if they could never go high enough, nor enjoy enough the exquisite delight of freedom and safety. So I watched them quite out of sight, and was glad. *C. M. Sawyer.*

For a Very Little Boy

TO SPEAK AT A SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.

At soldiers little John would play,
With drum and sword and horse all day;
He'd march, and halt, salute and ride,
With merry joy and infant pride.

Until one day he heard papa
The paper read to his mamma;
And when he heard the cruel things
Which war to the poor soldier brings

He said, "Mamma after this day
I won't again at soldiers play;
For Christian men should not delight
With Christian men in war to fight."—*Sel.*

Truthful and Obedient.

"Charlie! Charlie!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet!" "Have it out!" Finish this game!" Try it again!" cried the players in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this very minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they all exclaimed,

"But I did hear!"

"She don't know you did!"

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him. He's tied to his mother's apron strings."

"That is so," said Charlie; "and is to that every boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot, too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does!" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played ball on the common. Charles Grey is now a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that "his word is as good as a bond." We asked him once how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habit formed then has clung to me through life."—*Child's Delight.*

Things to Keep.

Keep to the right as the law directs.
Keep from the world thy friend's defects.
Keep all thy thoughts on purest themes.
Keep from thine eyes the motes and beams.
Keep true thy deed. Thy honor bright.
Keep firm thy faith in God and right.
Keep free from every sin and stain.
Keep from the ways that bring thee pain,
Keep free thy tongue from words of ill.
Keep right thy aim and good thy will.
Keep all thy acts from passion free.
Keep strong in hope; no envy see.
Keep watchful care o'er tongue and hand.
Keep firm thy feet, by justice stand.
Keep true thy word, a sacred thing.
Keep from the snares the tempters bring.
Keep faith with each you call a friend.
Keep full in view the final end.
Keep from all hate and malice free.
Keep firm thy courage bold and strong.
Keep up the right and down the wrong.

Loss of Time.

What does it matter if we do lose a few minutes in a whole day? Calculating three hundred and thirteen working days of eight hours each to the year, the answer is that five minutes lost each day is in a year three days, two hours, five minutes; ten minutes lost is six days, four hours, ten minutes; twenty minutes lost, thirteen days, one hour, twenty minutes; thirty minutes lost, nineteen days, four hours, and thirty minutes; and sixty minutes lost, thirty-nine days, one hour.

A LITTLE girl, four years old, created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday School class: "Our dog's dead. I bet the angels were scared when they see him coming up the walk. He's cross to strangers."

HOPE for the best, be prepared for the worst, and take what God sends.

For the Myrtle.

Being Led of God.

HOW many of you dear children will recognize when you see this picture what it represents?

You will see a man, in curious costume, holding a fleece in his hands, and looking toward the rising sun; but unless you have read the story in the Bible about this man you will neither know who he is, nor what he is doing.

When two little boys that are near me are called up to answer this question, which I have put to you, one says: "If it's a man told about in the Bible it must be Jesus Christ." And when it is explained to them that the story, here referred to, is in the Old Testament, and not in the New, the other little boy says it is "*Genesis*."

Are some of you dear children, who read, equally ignorant? Do you fail to distinguish between Old Testament history and New, and do you not know the difference between the names of books and the names of men?

This man, looking toward the sunrise, is Gideon. He was one of the judges of Israel, and he was also a mighty warrior.

As we see him now, he is preparing to go out to battle with the Midianites. You may think that this is a strange story—that a sheep-skin is a peculiar weapon with which to make preparation for battle.

Very true. It is, compared with any kind of preparation which we hear of now-a-days, when men are going to battle.

But Gideon was a man of faith, and he believed that it it were right for him to go then to fight the Midianites, God would give him a sign that Israel should be victorious. So when night came, he said:

"Behold I will put a fleece of wool on the ground; and if the dew be on the fleece only, and if it be dry on all the earth beside, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as thou hast said."

When the morning came, Gideon went out to see what was the fate of the fleece. As he went on into the field where he had left it, there was no dew on the grass at all. He had sandals on his feet, as you see, and if there had been any dew, even the least drop on the grass, he would have felt it shaking off onto his bare toes.

But there was no dew on the grass, or on the earth where no grass grew. All was as dry as if it were mid-day, instead of morning. Gideon walked on with his heart filled with auxiety, till he came to the place where he had left the fleece. Taking it up, he wrung it in his hands, and out from it came a bowl full of water.

But Gideon was not yet satisfied, for the Midianites were a great host, and he very much feared to lead the Israelites to battle with them. So he wished a second sign, that he might be sure that the Lord was with him, and he said to God "Let not thine anger be hot against me, and I will speak but this once: let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew."

Then Gideon left the fleece another night, and went back to it another morning, and found that the dew was on all the earth, but there was none upon the fleece. Then he felt sure that the Lord was with Israel, and would bring victory to the hosts, and he led them to so decided a triumph, that the Midianites never troubled Israel again as long as Gideon lived.

Thirty-two thousand men came to Gideon's call to make up his army, and as always happens where so many men come together, only a few were really worth having for service. So the Lord sifted them for Gideon, until there were only three hundred of the thirty-two thousand left. It is very interesting to know how this sifting was done.

I have not time now to tell you the story, but you may read it for yourselves in the sixth chapterof Judges. *E. M. B.*

For the Myrtle.

Chinese Children.

HAD you been born across the seas
Where Chinamen abide,
It might have been your privilege
To have a basket ride.

And this may seem, when first you think,
A fate to be desired.
For pictures of a basket ride
May surely be admired.

But then you must consider well;
The story's not all told.
These babies of John Chinaman
Are going to be sold.

He takes them, as we take the ducks
When marketing we go,
And cries, "Who'll buy, who'll buy to-day?"
They're going very low.

And so those little helpless babes
Must bear their hapless fate,
While you are born in Christian lands,
And Christian culture wait.

Then thankful be with every day,
For every joy that's given.
And learn the best and happiest way,
Of seeking Christ and Heaven. *E.M.B.*

What the Boy Would Be.

FOUR or five little boys were talking one night about what they would do when they grew up. One asked the tallest of them,—

"What are you going to be when you become a man, Willie?"

"A lawyer," said he; "what should we do, if there were no one to give us justice?"

"Yes, but lawyers don't always do what is right. I have heard that some of them just plead for those who can give them the most money," said Charlie.

"Well, but I'll not do that," said Willie. "I'll look out for widows and orphans and help them, and see that nobody cheats them. But what are you going to be, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm going to be a doctor, so that I can ride day and night. "I'll keep four nice, fresh horses, not like Dr. Gray's shabby ones."

At this, little Jimmy sprang up and cried, "Please, brother Charlie, let me shoe all your horses, for I am going to be a blacksmith."

The boys laughed, and Willie said, "I shall never be ashamed of you, Jimmy, if you are a good, honest blacksmith; but you must always wash your face and hands before you come to my office."

"Oh yes, I will," said Jimmy, quite pleased.

"Well, then," said Willie, "it is settled that papa is to have a lawyer, a doctor and a blacksmith in his family."

Grandma sat all this time at her knitting, and at her feet sat Harry, the pet, sticking pins into Grandma's ball of yarn.

"Boys," said Grandma, "here is one who has not told what he is going to be."

"Oh, no," said Willie, stooping down and taking Harry in his arms, "What are you going to be when you are a big man like papa?"

Harry put his arms around Willie's neck, and said, "When I am a big man, I'll be—I'll be—I'll be kind to my mother."

"You darling boy," said Grandma, "that is best of all. What a sweet thing to look forward to!"

Willie and Charlie might be great and wise men, and yet be no comfort to their parents, unless they were also loving and kind.

Kindness is the best thing to make one happy. Whenever, after this, you are laying plans for the future, always add Harry's words,—"I'll be kind to my mother."—*Children's Friend.*

Nobility.

TRUE worth is in *being*, not *seeming*—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.
For whatever men say in blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For injustice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
For gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.

Be Steadfast.

An English admiral, who rose to his high station by his own steady exertions, used to be fond of relating that, on first leaving an humble lodging to join his ship as a midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying:

"God bless you and prosper you my lad; and as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or prayers."

The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and he had reason to rejoice that he did so; while thousands have regretted when too late, that they have pursued a different course.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down. Be true to yourself, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience. See to it, that whatever you lose, whether it be money, or place, or reputation, you do not lose courage, honesty, simplicity, or truthfulness.—*Ref. Church Monthly.*

LITTLE children love one another.

Little Lessons.

The following passages of Scripture and the accompanying verses, may be effectively used by an infant class for a Concert exercise.

PATIENCE.

Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. Heb. x. 36.

Tired and harrassed by temptations,
Tossed on life's tempestuous sea,
Saviour, we have need of patience;
Saviour, we have need of Thee.

FAITH.

Unto you which believe, He is precious. 1 Peter, ii. 7.

How precious—none can realize,
But those who seek to prove;
Lord! give me faith that I may prize
The treasure of Thy love.

ENDURANCE.

Whosoever doth not bear his Cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple. Luke xiv. 27.

O grant me grace to drink the cup.
Whate'er that daily cup may be;
And cheerfully the Cross take up,
And bear it meekly after Thee.

TRUST.

Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of Thy wings. Psalms xvii. 8.

Lord, uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way:
Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares.

CONFIDENCE.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. Isa. xl. 31.

Then cast thy burden all on Him,
Nor longer call thy grief thine own;
He turns from harps of seraphim
To brighten up that eye so dim
Which looks to Him alone.

WISDOM.

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Rom, xii. 6.

Oh Thou who knowest all my heart,
How prone to choose an earthly part;
From vain affections set me free,
That I may wholly cleave to Thee.

OBEDIENCE.

We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. Acts xiv. 22.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by His door.

My Three Little Texts.

TO BE SPOKEN BY A VERY SMALL CHILD.

I am very young and little;
I am only just turned two;
And I can not learn long chapters,
As my elder sisters do;

But I know three little verses,
That mother has taught to me,
And I say them every morning,
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, "Thou God seest me."
Is not that a pretty text;
And "Suffer little children
To come unto me," is next.

But the last one is the shortest,
It is only, "God is love."
How kind he is in sending us
Such sweet verses from above!

He knows that chapters I can't learn,
So I think he sent those three
Short, easy texts on purpose
For little ones like me.

The N. H. Myrtle.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— The Sunday School connected with the Frst Universalist Society of Roxbury was organized in February, 1830, and celebrated the 45th anniversary of that event Sunday evening, February 28. Mr. Franklin Williams, Superintendent of the school, made a report of its condition, work and prospects. After expressions of thankfulness and gratitude for the prosperity of the school he gave the number of scholars at preseut as 424—gain for the year 45. Average attendance 291, or 70 per cent. There are forty classes who take the uniform lessons, two or three in easy lessons and a very large infant class.

NEW YORK.

— The Missionary Society has been extending help to the New York Mission Sunday School. What better use can be made of money.

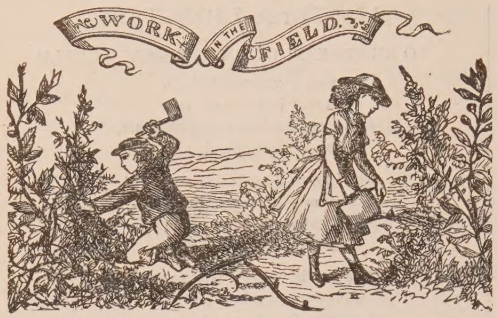
ILLINOIS.

— The Secretary of our School at Downer's Grove writes us: "Our Sunday School has increased from a membership of twenty to eighty since the school was opened Nov. 8th, and this is a strong Orthodox community. We read of the Parable of the Leaven, and think of our good sister Mrs. Hanson who firmly decided that we must have a Sunday School. The result so far has exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and we believe we have established a firm footing that shall be of benefit to ourselves, the town and the denomination."

NEW HAMPSH RE.

— Why should not every school have some distinctly temperance exercise. A Nashua *Daily* has the following which shows that the Universalist Sunday School in that place is alive: The Universalist Sunday School gave their annual temperance concert last evening to a well-filled house. It was one of the most interesting of the many successful concerts given by this school, and it was a noticeable and pleasing fact that many of the older members of the school took part in dialogues and other exercises.

THE poor copies of Christ's life which are presented to us, even in the lives of the most sincere Christians, resemble the copies of good pictures made by little children.



MATT. xxviii. 6.

He is not here: for he is risen as he said.

"Oh Andrew, I hope the sermon to-day was one that I can enjoy," said Jimmy as he drew his chair close to the one in which his brother was sitting.

"What do you mean by enjoy, Jimmy?"

"Why, I mean I hope I can understand it, and have a real good time hearing about it."

"Is that all that you ask of a sermon, that it be merely a present pleasure."

"I don't know—" said Jimmy, speaking very slowly.

"Well, my dear little brother, you ought to know."

"I think," said Jimmy, again speaking deliberately. "I think if all sermons gave people pleasure while they were listening to them, they would do more than they do now. What do you think Andrew?"

Andrew laughed, and said, "I think you are a little heathen, Jimmy; but as usual there is some truth in your naughty way of putting things. There should be, both a present and a lasting pleasure in every sermon; and by this I mean, that it should bless the hearer while he is hearing, and afterward in his active life."

"Well, let me have the to-day's sermon, and then I can know whether I will be blessed by it or not."

"You are to have the Easter blessing to-day Jimmy."

"What do you mean by the Easter blessing?"

"I mean that it is Easter Sunday, and the sermon to-day is all about that."

"What is Easter Sunday, Andrew?"

"It is the Sunday on which Christ rose from the dead, and so made all the possibilities of hope for the world."

"Should we have had no hope Andrew if Christ had not risen?"

"How could we have had any Jimmy? Christs promises all depended upon his resurrection. He had said, 'If I live, ye shall live also,' 'I go to prepare a place for you.' 'If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men un o me.' How could we have any hope of living after our bodies die, if Christ had not come back from that sleep which we call death, to teach us that he was victor even over this enemy? And then he said, 'I will draw all men unto me if I be lifted np.' Don't you see that if he had not been lifted up, we should not know who, if any, were to live in that heaven where he reigns supreme.

"I see," said Jimmy thoughtfully, "This is a great day then isn't it, Andrew?"

"Yes Jimmy. It is the greatest day of all the days we celebrate. I wonder that the Christian world do not make more account of it."

"Is it greater than Christmas, Andrew?"

"Why yes. In one sense it is greater than Christmas. On the one day Christ was born to a temporal passing life, on the other, he was born to the eternal life, and made a way for all the world to follow him."

"We ought then surely to give more attention to this day which gave us a risen Lord."

"I believe that we ought. Our minister said to-day that we as a people are very forgetful of our duty in this respect. We only notice the Easter Sunday when it comes—seldom speaking or thinking of our Saviour's resurrection at any other time.

Some people are much more mindful than we of this precious memory. There are some nations in the East who always mention this in their greeting. Instead of inquiring for each other's health when they meet, as we do, the Russian says to his friend as he greets him, ', The Lord is risen,' and the friend replies, "He is risen indeed?"

"Why that seems very beautiful Andrew."

"Yes it is beautiful Jimmy. I only wish that we may be reminded on this Easter Sunday of our thoughtlessness, and try more to remember what it means to us that we have a risen Lord.

"That then is what you meant by my getting an Easter blessing to-day."

"Yes Jimmy. We all need a new Easter blessing in our hearts. Let us sincerely pray that God will give it us."

Riddle.

At once to describe my name and my race,
I often attend on the king in the chase;
I also can find 'tis equally pleasant
To wait on a 'squire, or even a peasant;
But when I conceit myself most highly blessed,
Is when by a lady I'm fondly caressed:
Yet many a child seems to take a delight
To treat me with constant ill-humor and spite.
On me you may always with safety depend
And consider me both your protector and friend.

Miscellaneous Questions.

How many are the days of our years?
Of whom is it said, "The years of thy life shall be many?"

In what word can we find all the vowels?

Answer to Bible Questions.

In Genesis eigteenth chapter twenty-fifth verse, where Abraham is pleading before God for Sodom, he says "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

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